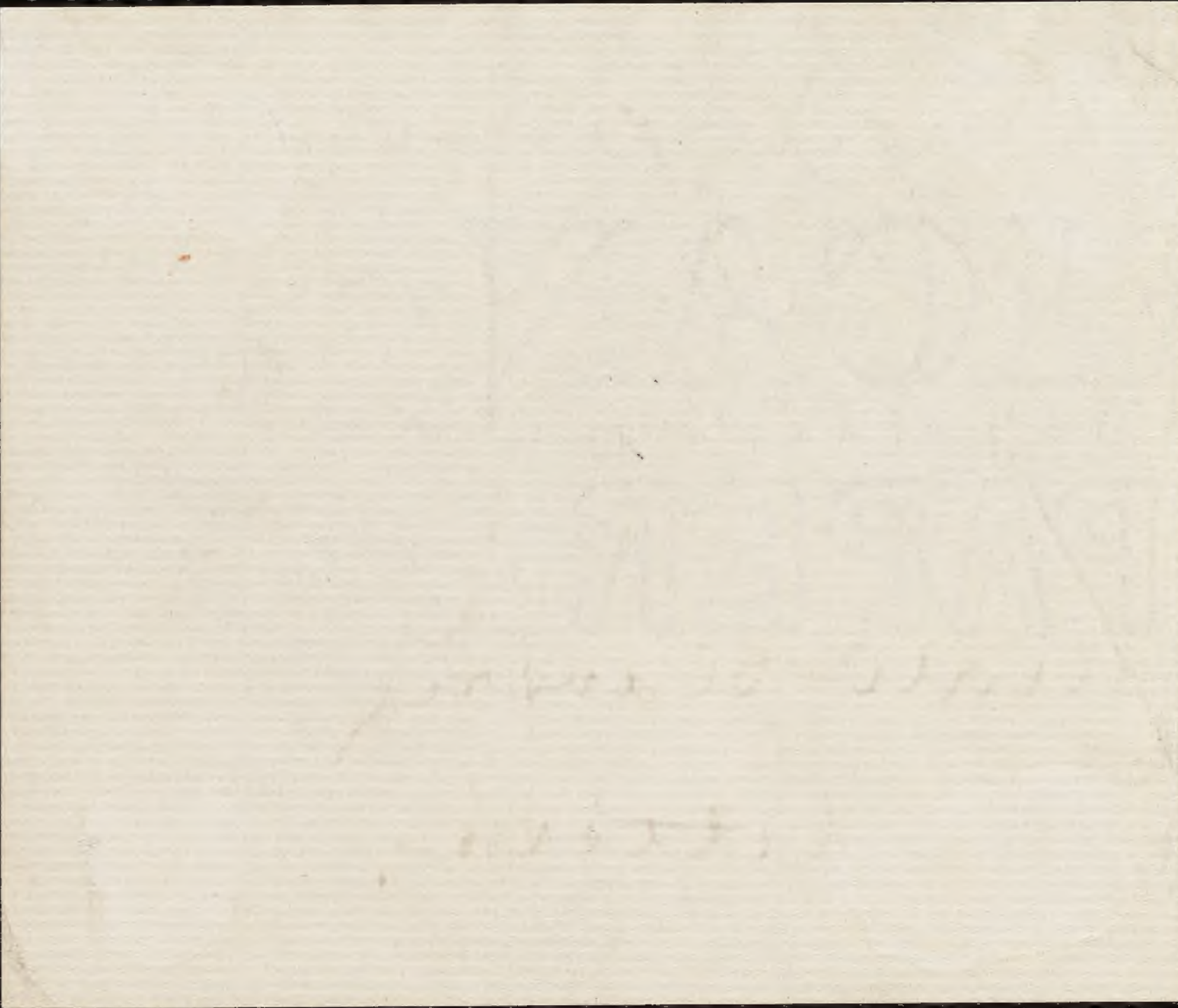


A gift from
H. L. Moody,
Malden, Mass.

Anti-Slavery
letters.



Boston, Dec. 10, 1832.

My dear Purvis:

Heaven, it seems, has given you and your lady a fine boy. Blessings on his infancy! may he prove one of the best of his persecuted race! - Both of you can now, doubtless, feel yet more intensely for those unhappy parents who are pining in hopeless bondage. Till now, you could only sympathize in imagination; but you have a precious infant to make your hearts recoil, as they have never recoiled before, at the thought of a ruthless separation of the ties of Nature. What would induce you to sell that child as a slave? - Money? You would spin a thousand argosies, freighted with gold and gems. Threats of torture? You would sooner perish than give it up. It is yours - the God of Heaven has deposited it with you for safe keeping - no one on earth has a right to take it from you. How liberal, how blissful, how sacred is the trust! - You will, if its life should be spared, "train it up in the way it should go" - and thus it shall be an ornament to society, and finally sit with multitudes in glory.

[It was with much delicacy of feeling, and a strong reluctance, that we addressed our circular to some of our Philadelphia friends, conscious of how much they had done to give

You will please to convey, to your noble father-in-law, for me and my partner, all that hearts filled with gratitude, and keenly susceptible, may be supposed to utter.

This is my twenty-eighth birth-day!—I am startled at the hurricane-speed of time. My life seems to me ^{to} have been a blank. The older I grow, the less do I seem to accomplish. Days and weeks run-
ish like flashes of light upon a ~~sombre~~ sky, and seem to diminish to the duration of moments. I am twenty-eight!—Infancy passed away unheedingly—passively; childhood in frolic and sport, in smiles and tears; boy-hood in the school-room, and abroad in the fields, and in venturesome but forbidden excursions upon the river; youth in ~~me~~ ^{the} toil, assisted by dreams of future happiness and cheered by the phantom Hope;—and now—what! has it come to this?—~~yet~~, now I have struck deep into manhood!—Well, then, manhood shall be my most serviceable stage; and being so, the happiest of the whole!

Your hint respecting Mr. Caesar shall be improved in the Liberator. You shall there find shortly, not "Caesar's Commentaries," but commentaries upon Caesar, not in Latin, but in good plain English.

Of course, I wish to include in this hasty epistle, my best respects to your lady, to Mr. Forten, his lady and family, your brother, Mr. Hinton, and other friends—in which my partner heartily joins. A letter from you will always be thankfully received.

Yours, unreservedly, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

stability to the Liberator. But we had but this hard alternative - either to suffer the paper to die, or make known the embarrassments into which the publication of our "Thoughts" had unavoidably plunged us. The idea of the suppression of the Liberator was to us as dreadful a prospect as the cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye. How would southern kidnappers and their apologists shout! What a prodigious shock would be given to the lively sensibilities of the friends of humanity in every part of the nation! What extensive injury would be done to the abolition cause! With what exultation would its overthrow be hailed by the colonization leaders!

I am happy to inform you that the appeal we put forth to our friends will not be in vain. - Already we are enabled to assure you that there is no cause for apprehension in regard to the continuance of the Liberator. The extraordinary purchase of so large a number of copies of our "Thoughts" in Philadelphia as has been ordered by our friends Cassey, Forten and yourself, has given us material assistance; and the response in other places is beginning to come back in a very encouraging manner. The entire edition will probably soon be taken up, the distribution of which, I am confident, will, more than anything else, put an end to the colonization mania.]



Dec. 10th 1832

1/4
Mr. Robert Purvis,
Philadelphia,
Pa.

Wm. L. Garrison
Dec 10 1832.

Copy ^d

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